

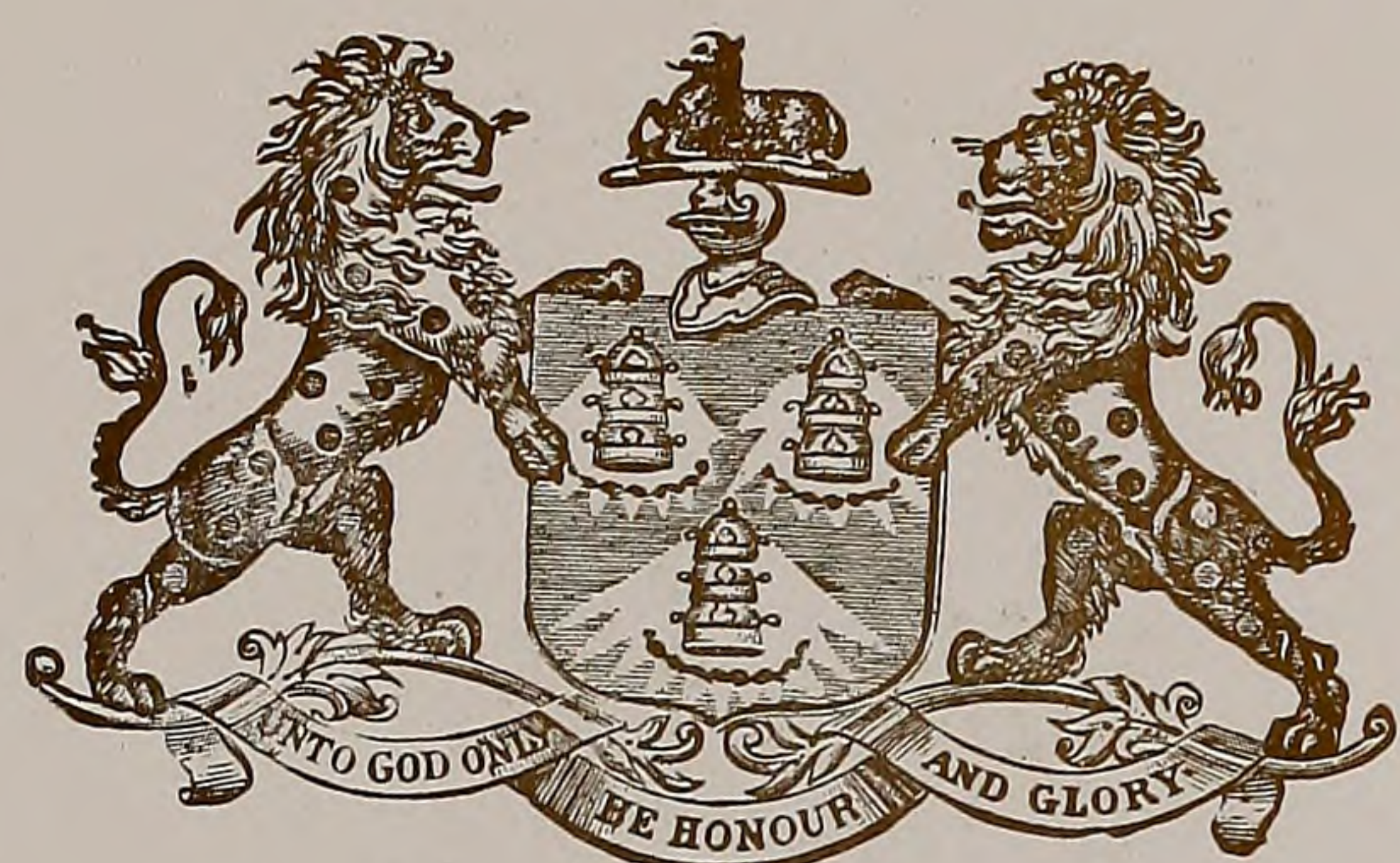


DRAPERS' HALL.

JULY 14TH, 1910.

PROGRAMME.





Master :

KEDDEY RAY FLETCHER, ESQ.

Wardens :

JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

BERNARD FRANCIS HARRIS, ESQ.

WEBSTER GLYNES, ESQ.

GERALD WALTON WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Clerk :

ERNEST HENRY POOLEY, ESQ.



SELECTION OF MUSIC

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. HENRY BIRD.



VOCALISTS:

Miss MAGGIE TEYTE,

Miss ETHEL HOOK,

Mr. GREGORY HAST

AND

Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

Violin:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Harp

Signor MARIO LORENZI.

At the Piano:

Mr. HENRY BIRD.

✧ PROGRAMME. ✧

PART I.

SOLO PIANOFORTE..... "Polonaise in A".....*Chopin.*

MR. HENRY BIRD.

SONG..... "Unmindful of the Roses".....*Hermann Löhr.*

MISS ETHEL HOOK.

SONGS..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a \text{ "O! that 'twere possible"} \\ b \text{ "Birds in the High Hall-Garden"} \\ c \text{ "Passing by"} \end{array} \right\}$ *Arthur Somervell.*
Purcell.

MR. GREGORY HAST.

SOLO VIOLIN "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" *Saint-Saens.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONG.. "Connais-tu le pays?" (*Mignon*) *Ambroise Thomas.*

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

SONG..... "The Two Grenadiers"*Schumann.*

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

SOLO HARP..... "Fantasie"*Saint-Saens.*

SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.

DUET..... "It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face"... *M. V. White.*

MISS ETHEL HOOK AND MR. GREGORY HAST.

NEW SONG.

Landon Ronald.

3. **Come into the Sun.**

COME into the sun, Sweetheart,
 Into the sun ;
The birds are winging,
The larks are singing,
 Singing to you ;
Hear them calling,
Rising, falling,
 Here in the sun.

You were made for the sun, Sweetheart,
 For the sun ;
With your dainty air,
Your golden hair,
 And eyes of blue ;
But I to languish
In grief and anguish,
 Out of the sun.

I have come to the sun, Sweetheart,
 To the sun ;
I hear her saying,
My fear allaying,
 My love is true ;
Here in the sun, Sweetheart,
Here in the sun
 With you.

In consequence of the sudden illness of
Miss MAGGIE TEYTE,
Madame ALICE VERLET will sing the
following Songs :—

VALSE. *(Roméo et Juliette)* Gounod.

1. **Je veux vivre.**

JE veux vivre
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre
Longtemps encore.
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme.
Comme un trésor !

Cette ivresse
De jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas ! qu'un jour.
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure ;
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour
Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller,
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller !

CAVATINA. *(Rigoletto)* Verdi.

2. **Caro Nome.**

GUALTIER Maldè ! nome di lui si amato,
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato !
Caro nome, che il mio cor
Festi primo palpar
Le delizie dell' amor,
Mi dei sempre rammentar !
Col pensier il mio desir
A te sempre volerà,
E fin l'ultimo sospir,
Caro nome, tuo sarà.

❧ PROGRAMME. ❧

PART II.

SONG..... "Ave Maria" *Bach-Gounod.*

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

Violin and Harp Obligato—MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW
AND SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.

SONGS..... { *a* "Thy Beaming Eyes" *Ed. Macdowell.*
 { *b* "O Swallow, Swallow, flying South" *Sullivan.*

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

SONG..... "Annie Laurie" *Old Scotch Air.*

MISS ETHEL HOOK.

SOLO VIOLIN { *a* "Nocturne" *Hubay.*
 { *b* "Habanera" *Sarasate.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS..... { *a* "Bluebells from the Clearings" *Ernest Walker.*
 { *b* "Rubies and Pearls" *Dalhousie Young.*

MR. GREGORY HAST.

SONG..... "Roses Red and Lilies White" *Paul Rubens.*

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

SONGS..... { *a* "Sea Memories" *Hubert Bath.*
 { *b* "The Little Red Fox" *Arthur Somervell.*

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

SOLO HARP..... "Nordische Ballade" *Poenitz.*

SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.

PART I.

SOLO PIANOFORTE.

Chopin.

Polonaise in "A."

MR. HENRY BIRD.

SONG.

Hermann Löhr.

Unmindful of the Roses.

MISS ETHEL HOOK.

UNMINDFUL of the roses,
 Unmindful of the thorn,
 A reaper tired reposes
 Among his gathered corn :
 So might I till the morn.

Cold as the cold Decembers,
 Past as the days that set,
 While only one remembers,
 And all the rest forget,
 But one remembers yet.

*Christina Rossetti.**Words reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.*

SONGS. { *a. O! that 'twere possible.* } *Arthur Somervell.*
 { *b. Birds in the High Hall-Garden.* }
 { *c. Passing by Purcell.*

MR. GREGORY HAST.

a. O! that 'twere possible.

O THAT 'twere possible,
 After long grief and pain,
 To find the arms of my true love
 Round me once again.

b. Birds in the High Hall-Garden.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden,
 When twilight was falling,
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
 They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
 And I, who else, was with her,
 Gathering woodland lilies,
 Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
 Ringing through the valleys,
 Maud is here, here, here,
 In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand,
 She took the kiss sedately;
 Maud is not seventeen,
 But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went
 Home with her maiden posy,
 For her feet have touched the meadows
 And left the daisies rosy.

c. *Passing by.*

WHERE is a lady sweet and kind,
 Was never face so pleased my mind ;
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions, and her smile,
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile,
 Beguile my heart, I know not why,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingéd, and doth range
 Her country, so my love doth change,
 But change the earth, or change the sky,
 Yet will I love her till I die.

Herrick.

SOLO VIOLIN.

Saint-Saens.

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONG.

*(Mignon)**Ambroise Thomas.***Connais-tu le pays ?**

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

CONNAIS-TU le pays où fleurit l'oranger,
Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses vermeilles,
Où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau plus léger,
Où dans toute saison butinent les abeilles.
Où rayonne et sourit comme un bienfait de Dieu
Un éternel printemps sous un ciel toujours bleu ?
Hélas ! que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux, d'où le sort m'exila !
C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer et mourir, c'est là !

Connais-tu la maison, où l'on m'attend là-bas
La salle aux lambris d'or, où des hommes de marbre
M'appellent dans la nuit en me tendant les bras ?
Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre d'un grand arbre ?
Et le lac transparent, où glissent sur les eaux
Mille bateaux légers, pareils à des oiseaux !
Hélas ! que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort m'exila !
C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer et mourir, c'est là !

The Two Grenadiers.

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

TO France there journeyed two grenadiers,
 Set free from their dark Russian prison ;
 But when they came to the German frontiers
 Fresh grief in their hearts had arisen ;

For there did they hear the tidings of woe,
 How France to her depths had been shaken,
 Her army defeated, her pride brought low,
 And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken.

In silence their bitterest tears they shed,
 Their country's downfall mourning ;
 And then one spoke : " Would I were dead !
 Again is my old wound burning."

The other said : " The end has come,
 For life I care no longer ;
 But I've a wife and child at home,
 And they would die of hunger."

" To wife and child my heart is dead,
 By all but one thought forsaken ;
 Let the children beg if they want for bread—
 My Emperor, my Emperor is taken !

If thou, my comrade, true wilt prove,
 Now death is closing o'er me,
 Oh carry my corpse to the France I love,
 To rest in the soil that bore me !

My cross of Honour, duly tied,
 Close to my heart lay on me,
 Then place my musket by my side,
 And gird my sword upon me.

And there I'll lie with list'ning ear,
 Like a sentinel guarding the forces,
 Till the booming cannon shall thunder near,
 With the noise of the galloping horses ;

When my own gallant Emperor rides o'er the plain,
 While shouts with the sword strokes are blending,
 From my grave I shall rise like a soldier again,
 My Emperor, my Emperor defending ! "

Paul England. (From the German of Heine.)

SOLO HARP.

Saint-Saens.

Fantasie.

SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.

DUET.

M. V. White.

It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face.

MISS ETHEL HOOK AND MR. GREGORY HAST.

IT is na, Jean, thy bonnie face
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something in ilka part o' thee
 To praise, to love I find,
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae
 Nor stronger in my breast
 Than if I canna mak' thee sae
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee,
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live
 For thee I'd bear to dee.

PART II.

SONG.

*Bach-Gounod.***Ave Maria.**

Miss MAGGIE TEYTE.

Violin and Harp Obligato—Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW
and SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.

AVE MARIA, gratia plena, Dominus tecum,
 Benedicta tu in mulieribus
 Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
 Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis, peccatoribus,
 Nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen!

SONGS. { *a. Thy beaming eyes.* *Ed. Macdowell.*
 { *b. O Swallow, Swallow, flying South.* *Sullivan.*
 MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

a. Thy Beaming Eyes.

THY beaming eyes are Paradise
 To me, my love,
 Thy trembling kiss is heavenly bliss
 To me, sweet love,
 But oh, thy heart! it has no part
 With thee, my dear.
 'Tis strangely cold, and doth withhold
 It's love, I fear,
 Thy beaming eyes are Paradise
 To me, my dear.

b. O Swallow, Swallow, flying South.

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

Oh, tell her, Swallow, that thou knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

Oh, were I thou, that she might take me in
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself when all the woods are green.

Oh, tell her, Swallow, that my brood is flown,
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the north long since my nest is made.

Oh, tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

Tennyson, "The Princess."

SONG.

*Old Scotch Air.***Annie Laurie.**

Miss ETHEL HOOK.

MAXWELLTON braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her neck is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e :
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet :
 And, like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

SOLO VIOLIN.

*a. Nocturne.**Hubay.**b. Habanera.**Sarasate.*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS. { *a. Bluebells from the Clearings. Ernest Walker.*
 b. Rubies and Pearls. Dalhousie Young.

MR. GREGORY HAST.

a. Bluebells from the Clearings.

BLUEBELLS from the clearings,
 Flagflowers from the rills,
 Wildings from the lush hedgerows,
 Delicate daffodils,
 Sweetlings from the formal plots,
 Bloomkins from the bowers,
 Heap them round her where she sleeps—
 Cover her with flowers.

Sweet pea and pansy,
 Red hawthorn and white,
 Gilliflowers like praising souls,
 Lilies—lamps of light :
 Nurselings of what happy winds,
 Sun and stars and showers !
 Joylets good to see and smell—
 Cover her with flowers.

Like to sky-born shadows
 Mirrored on a stream,
 Let their odours meet and mix
 And waver through her dream !
 Last, the crowded sweetness
 Slumber overpowers,
 And she feels the lips she loves—
 Craving through the flowers !

b. Rubies and Pearls.

SOME asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow and where,
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips and show them there
The quarelets of pearl.

SONG.

*Paul Rubens.***Roses Red and Lilies White.**

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

LOVE passed my way, and whispered as he went,
 "Behold I am what men desire,
 The fitful flame of passion's fire
 Of those that love and those that tire,
 And soon repent ;
 Remain with me, and thou shalt know
 The joys that I alone bestow,
 One single hour of passion free
 Is worth a whole eternity,
 And roses red thy crown shall be !"

True Love passed by, and whispered as he went,
 "Behold I am that sweet control
 That makes two lives a perfect whole,
 The steady glow of soul to soul
 And dear content !
 Remain with me, and thou shalt know
 The peace I can alone bestow,
 For friendship by my sweet decree
 Must last a whole eternity,
 And lilies white thy crown shall be !"

SONGS. { *a. Sea Memories.* *Hubert Bath.*
 { *b. The Little Red Fox.* *Arthur Somervell.*

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

a. Sea Memories.

AH ! if but once again to hear
The song of waves against the keel !
The sound of winds upon the sea,
To watch the moonlight, and feel
Your hand in mine ; to have you steal
More close, till senses reel,
And all the deep unfathomed bliss
Of Life and Death were in your kiss.

Marguerite Ratcliffe-Hall.

b. The Little Red Fox.

THE little Red Fox is a family man,
By his own fireside reposing,
When the voice of a hound
Shews his lair is found,

And there's no time left for dozing.
"Good-bye," says he, "don't fret for me,
There's a long, long road before me,
But home I'll be in time for tea,
When I've put this trial o'er me."

Oh ! little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
Oh ! little Red Fox low keeping ;
Little Red Fox, stealing thro' the rocks,
And the tips of his two ears peeping.

The little Red Fox is a hero bold,
And he rates his foes but meanly,
With a turn, twist and wind,
They're left far behind,
And he rests on the hill serenely.
"I like," says he, "this breeze from the sea,
And the view up here is glorious,
And sweet from below comes the merry tally-ho,
And the hounds' melodious chorus."

Oh ! little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
Oh ! little Red Fox swift leaping ;
Little Red Fox, flying o'er the rocks,
And his brush through the keen air sweeping.

The little Red Fox is a gallant knight,
When the hour of stress has found him,
He crouches at the feet
Of the beauty of the meet,
While yelping foes surround him.
"Fair maid," says he, "were it not for thee,
Some sport I'd show them daily,
But my brush I yield to the fairest of the field,
And I die at her dear feet gaily."

Oh ! little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
Oh ! little Red Fox low lying ;
Little Red Fox taken 'mong the rocks,
For the love of two bright eyes dying.

Francis A. Fahy.

SOLO HARP.

Poenitz.

Nordische Ballade.

SIGNOR MARIO LORENZI.



Prog - 179

